

## [An Old Man from Horry]

W10874

Accession no.

W10874

Date received

10/10/40

Consignment no.

1

Shipped from

Wash. Off.

Label

Amount

4p.

WPA L. C. PROJECT Writers' Unit

Form[md]3

Folklore Collection (or Type)

Title An old man from Horry (white)

## Library of Congress

Place of origin Georgetown Co., S. Car. Date 1938-39

(r.D.C.)

Project worker Genevieve W. Chandler

Project editor

Remarks

Project 1655

Genevieve W. Chandler

Georgetown County, S. C Sec #391008 - No. 5, [Back G II?] 390974

FOLKLORE

(VERBATIM)

AN OLD MAN FROM HORRY (White)

"Isba, my old Grand Daddy Joe married her. That the way our race come on. Old lady Isba. After they come over from Ireland. Warn't nobody much to marry them days and here people'll say it's a sin to marry your cousin! They was first cousin and two of the chillun come here dif (deaf) and dumb. Didn't have but one girl—Zilphy. She can't talk but like a cat a -meowlin. Uncle Sam and Aunt Zilphy was first cousin. Every one died but one and she married two second cousins. She went jam out of my remembrance.

"Old Uncle Pitman's sister was up dere whuh (where) his place is to Uncle Pit's. A man run up with her, knocked her down, roll her up in leaves and went to get a shovel to bury here. And warn't long 'fore old Jack Lane was a huntin' him with his gun and when he caught him he took him and had Aunt Louise to put the rope round his neck, chained him in the

## Library of Congress

kitchen and kept him chained a week and made a box. (Warn't no church! Didn't think there was ever goin' to be no church! Thought they'd make a nigger buryin' ground of it!) Hung him to the tree where the church sits now. Right to The Lake Swamp.

"I ain't never been to but one day of school in my life. Schoolhouse had a clay chimbley. Come all 'round bein' a dirt floor. Ain't you see it these all highly educated people'll get in more trouble than they that has none? Look at the box these boys got into.

2

Stole these movin' picture shows. I went to the man house and his son was in the pen. Was it ROB? Went to the pen for stealing. For killin' a fellow. That was the one married Sis. They told me he was there doin' life.

"First I remember I hoired (hired) out for ten cents a day. I seed a hard time. Was fifteen years old. I pulled hay and sold it to old man Grainger and got me a pair of shoes and a hat. Hat and shoes. First I ever had. I know of old Granny goin' to Uncle Massey Skipper to buy a hog head. Old Granny done that to my knowin' for three pounds of wool spun and carded — Old Granny Isba. (She went and hunkled right down (97 years old). Was wore out.) I've known her (Old Granny Isba) to dip turpentine like that all day and send after the old Granny woman that night. 'Fore she knocked off she had ten head of chillun.

"They warn't no matches them days.

"Indian rocks? Some of 'em would give you a pretty good tote to tote it. Some calls'em 'Bennetts' (bayonets) and some says 'bow 'n arrows.'

"Indian 'taters? I just couldn't come them 'taters. I don't bother with no such. Some calls'em ground cocoanut. They DO favor!

"You must plow your 'taters on the shrink o' the moon. We ain't been out of 'taters in seven years. If I'd a knowed you had 'taters like that I'd a been 'round to a-got a mess.

## Library of Congress

3

"Indigo? Cut the bush down and put it in a barrel 'bout a week and let it soak. And then take the hoe and stir it. I 'member dyin' would make you hands look like brown gloves. Linsey-woolley — cotton and wool mixed — red and blue mixed. There was flowers they give the name 'dye flowers'. These here FALL flowers. They'll die yaller. Sweet gum'll make the UGLIEST dye you ever see but it'll STAY there! Ugly purple.

"Sweet gum and lard and some other little tricks (jimsey weed root) makes a healin' salve. Yes, man, as good a salve as you ever put to a sore!

"This I'm blowin'? I calls it a fife. Now you see here. These well eddicated men and boys wouldn't never a thot' o' sich a thing as that. On account o' that one reed bein' SPLIT it can't make music like it orter.

---

\*\*\*\*\*

---

"Moltsie Prince he took another woman to SHOE HEEL and raised another family. And when he raised a family off'n HER, he up and left her and got a young girl. And she fetched one baby and then his toes stuck up. (he died)

"Fore the war started she found a young'un. That warn't ME. That were JOHN. He come home and stay awhile and I come.

"I remember one old piece of a song. "Ann Eliza all night long Till just before day! The cradle rocked and the baby cried Just before day!

4

"I laid all such meanness as that down. Don't have that hardly to study about. They were another jig tune, 'Jenny sweepin' up the kitchen with a bran' new broom'. Ma nuster wouldn't let us sing sech as that. I'd have to steal off by myself to sing'em. She'd WHIP us young'uns if we'd sing a jig.

## Library of Congress

"Ma wouldn't let Retha (she was the girl) read them love story books. But she'd read'em anyway. Them story books will tell you how the world's goin' today. Ma'd say: 'Read you Bible! These here doins not goin' carry you straight!'

"My son? I've seen him conduct a prayer meetin' good as any preacher in the settlement! And now the Devil's got him tossing! There's Bud. There's old man H. There's Mammy. There's old man Dave. Devil's got'em all.

"Old man Dave make him a hovel like a 'tater hill. Straw inside. When he wanted to fiddle he'd climb on the ridge pole. House had all burned down. Burnt his furniture all up but he saved his fiddle. He worked turpentine."

SOURCE: Old man from Horry (visitor to Blantons)

July 1938 Murrells Inlet, S. C.